

THE
AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
A CLAY PIPE.

SECOND EDITION.

London:

S. W. PARTRIDGE & Co., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW E.C.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CLAY PIPE.

I.—*Early Reminiscences.*

I BELONG to a family notoriously short lived. Like many others tall in stature, our excessive length renders us peculiarly weak in the body, or, more correctly, in pipe-language, in the stem. At the same time it cannot be denied that there is a grace in our slender form, of which even those stunted stuck-up merschaums (often mere-shams, by the way) cannot boast. I have only the most indistinct recollection of the earliest stage of my being. I am told that there have been two eras in my existence—the Plastic, and the Brittle. Of the plastic period, I have only the most dreamy remembrances; of the brittle, I have, alas! most vivid reminiscences. In fact, I am now hardly anything more than a reminiscence myself, so greatly have I diminished from my original length and beauty. I am now “in the sere and yellow leaf,” men would say; or, as a pipe would put it,—in the shortened stem and blackened bowl. So frail is life, and so easily is the stem of our being broken, that it is a marvel I have lasted so long. Many of my relations have come to untimely ends. No “Accidental Company” will insure us, for we are naturally delicate in constitution, and peculiarly the mark of accident. I am afraid to say how many cases of broken backs and fractured bowls I have known in the family. But I am puffing a great deal of smoke without conveying much worth your attention.

To go back to my infantine days. Detractors say I was originally only part of a shapeless, and disagreeable lump of wet clay. It may be so; at all events, I can retaliate upon human moralists when they would remind me of my humble origin, and tell them that even—

Imperial Cæsar dead, and turned to clay,
May stop a hole to keep the wind away.

(I learnt that quotation when I was in the service of a literary gentleman.) I have surely heard something, too, about men returning "to the vile dust from whence they sprung."

My first remembrance is of being tightly squeezed between a cruel and cold iron mould. True, recollections are vague, for I fainted under the suffocating pressure. When I came to myself, I found I had lost much of my substance, and that the very moisture had been wrung from my frame. I understand the operation was necessary, in order to give me shape and elegance; and for that matter, I am told, some of my betters sometimes are compelled to wear iron cramps to improve their shape, or submit voluntarily to much torture to gain slender waists or a fashionable gait.

From the cold bench whereon I was *moulded* (that is the technical word), I was soon transferred to a tremendous heat. Never shall I forget the hour. My marrow had been almost entirely expressed before, but now under the fierce fire of the kiln, my little remaining moisture quickly exuded, and I became dry and brittle. But I have had my revenge. I have employed my life since in exciting my torturers and their race to part with their vital moisture by unhealthy expectoration, and (Oh, how I chuckle as I think of it!) I have always made them *dry*.

I was next placed in a tray with dozens of my brethren, counterparts of myself. I observed that there were slight differences in our features and form. Some were longer than others, some were corpulent in the bowl, some stiff and straight in the back, and some curved in a line of beauty and grace. I felt I was long, and found I had a very respectable bowl, and overheard myself called a "churchwarden." At that time I was ignorant of the meaning of the term, though I have since learned. Placed in baskets we were carried to another department, where the tips of our stems were dipped in a scalding hot red liquid, which I heard called wax. The operation made me waxy in every sense, I can assure you.

Soon after, we were packed in dozens and grosses, and lifted into a cart. As I happened to be on the top of the box, and there was no cover over us, I was able to take observations as we went along. Our driver was a young man of florid complexion. I knew why *I* was red at the tip, but could not understand why his nose should be so deeply coloured. Had he been *waxed* too?

I found out in my after history how this colouring process is accomplished. I suppose some must think it highly ornamental, seeing they take so much pains to accomplish!

it. I have heard of one old gentleman, whose nose (true, it was a real strawberry) had cost him no less than £2,000.

The cart never stopped at a private house, but pulled up at several shops where they sold tobacco. It was now that I first gained an idea as to the object of my existence. Over a certain door hung a strange sign, very much like a dozen muffins piled on one another, and painted alternately black and red. At the door-posts were two large figures. They were meant to represent men, though I had never before seen any like them. One had a perfectly black face, and apparently woolly hair; in a hole between his wooden lips was a pipe. What could be the meaning of this? The figure at the other side was that of a man in petticoats, with a gay dress, and feathers on his head. In one hand he stiffly held a small open box, and the thumb and finger of the other were put close to his nostrils, and seemed to be pinching something. Surely, I was on the threshold of a temple of mystery. But I was not to be initiated here.

While a box of my companions was taken down and carried into the shop I had time to look in. A well-dressed man stood behind the counter, and was handing a man in front a piece of flaming paper. The man—*this* was a real living man—had a pipe in his mouth, to the bowl of which he raised the flame, and immediately little clouds of a bluish smoke arose. I had seen fire and smoke before, and knew that houses had chimneys to carry away the smoke. Indeed, I had been amusing myself, as I lay in the box, by watching how the wind played with the smoke issuing from the chimney-pots that seemed to me to touch the blue sky. But I did not know men themselves needed chimneys.

With a click of the tongue our driver mounted the cart and we pursued our way.

We next stopped at a very strange kind of shop. It was large and splendidly decorated. Several lamps hung from the front, and plate-glass filled the windows. *But there was nothing in the windows.* What did they make or sell? My master used to put pipes in *his* window, and I, as a good specimen, stood there some time on view myself. But my questions were soon cut short, as I felt myself lifted down in the box, and, before I hardly knew it, I was carried within the easily-swinging doors.

II.—*My Introduction into Public Life.*

A COMBINATION of sounds and a commingling of powerful odours greeted us on our entrance. The place was large and lofty, gorgeous with colour and gilding, and bright with many mirrors. At that time I did not know the meaning of all I saw, but as I have since learned, I will give you the benefit of the acquirements of my after experience. The place which I had entered was called a tavern, or, popularly, a gin palace. A palace is a place into which of course, a pipe never passed—not even by favour of the introduction of a prince—but you know as well as I do that it is the abode of kings. So, many people are devoted subjects of King Gin, and pay him heavy tribute, too. Indeed, one day, when my master was reading the “Daily Telegraph,” with my bowl almost singeing the page, I saw some very strong language about these people offering up their children on the altar of the “great god—Gin!”

Across the splendid chamber ran a wide counter, upon which we were deposited by our bearer. The stout, jovial-looking man, who stood,—with a white apron across his ample front—behind the bar, lifted us from the box, and taking up myself, with two or three companions, placed us, bowls downward, in a tall glass goblet. Through the crystal walls of my new abode I could see the scene around me, while its open top allowed me to hear much of the conversation. A motley group stood in front of the bar, and numbers passed in and out of the ever-swinging doors. Curled up on a bench in one corner was a man fast asleep. His hat had fallen on the ground beside him, and his upturned face wore a heavy and stupid expression. Near him a group of men, each with a pipe of some sort in his mouth, were seated around an empty barrel, which served them as a table. Others lolled at the bar, sipping steaming glasses, or drinking huge draughts from pewter pots. Women were there, with bonnetless heads and dishevelled hair, with faces long unacquainted with water, and garments ragged and untidy. Some were treating friends (whom they desired to make use of), and exchanging many “My dears,” and other such fawning and insincere epithets of pretended regard. Some were scowling at each other, and making use of expressions which, if not complimentary, were evidently candid and sincere. It

was while in the midst of this company that I first heard strange words, of whose meaning I was then totally ignorant, but which I have since learned to be wicked and profane. The name of God was used without any necessity, frequently as if merely to garnish a sentence, and as if from a wilful delight in or indifference to profanity. Here the mysteries of the shop I had before visited were revealed. I found what my species had been manufactured for, as I saw nearly every mouth closed on a pipe as if it were a channel of vital nourishment; and as I beheld the clouds of blue and pungent vapour which circled all around me. At the sign of the Wooden Men and Wooden Muffins they sold tobacco, and here also I saw "screws" of the same article briskly vended.

It was evident my new proprietor also sold drink. He seemed to draw it from an inexhaustible fountain, and I began to think his arm must surely ache from constant pulling at the lever. "And what thirsty folks these must be," I considered, as hour after hour passed away, and still the women gossiped and drank, and the men lounged on the bar and at the barrel. I observed, too, that the longer the women stayed and the more they drank, either the more maudlin or the more quarrelsome did they become. At last two of them, trying to embrace each other, fell in a heap on the floor, and had to be assisted to their feet amid the loud laughter of the spectators. The jeers so annoyed them that, linking their arms together, they unsteadily walked out of the place. Two other women got from angry words to screaming, and from screaming to blows, and were at last unceremoniously bundled out of the bar by the "potman."

It was now growing dusk, and the lamps were being lit in the street, while our tavern became flooded with a perfect blaze of light, as almost countless gas jets were kindled. Now the adornments of the "palace" appeared more splendid than ever. Bottles and glasses were multiplied to the eye as they stood glistening on the shelves in front of brilliant mirrors. More customers than ever came in. I noticed that many of them, without approaching the counter, passed at once into a side apartment.

Presently a little girl came in, and timidly advanced. In her hand she held a black bottle, which she was only just able to lift to the height of the metal-covered counter. From her other and very dirty little hand she produced a shilling wrapped in a piece of filthy rag. As the publican took the coin and the bottle, he contemptuously filleted the rag from him, and, resting a moment on the thin white shoulder of the child, it fell on the floor. He seemed to

understand the girl's errand, for he measured something into the bottle, and giving the child some coppers as change, handed it to her, saying, "Here, little 'un, there's the old woman's physic again."

I saw that a tear filled the eye of the child, and I pitied her as I marked her thinly clad and very slender frame. Her feet were quite naked, and her arms so thin—oh, so thin! A man standing and looking on seemed touched by the piteous aspect of the child, and stooped towards her.

"Why, what's this?" he said, as she turned her back to the light, taking her by the shoulder and bringing her under it. I saw that two or three black marks were striped across the blanched neck, standing out vividly against the white skin around.

"O that's nothink, nothink," said she. "Let me go, please; mother wants me."

"But I say its something, Lizzie," said the man, who evidently knew the child. "Who did this 'ere? that's what I want to know?"

"It's ony where mother whacked me," said Lizzie, as if such whacking were a very ordinary and insignificant affair.

"And why did she whack you?" enquired the rough-looking but obviously tender-hearted neighbour.

"Vy, cos I didn't want to spend that ere shillin' wot Missis Pearson giv me."

"Miss Pearson," said the publican; "that's the parson's daughter, ain't it?"

"Yes, and she come to see me when I was ill, and the very last day as she comes she says, 'Lizzie,' says she, 'p'raps I shall never see you agin, for I'm agoin' away to see if I can get better;' and then she gives me a little book and this 'ere shillin', and kisses me"—and here the child's voice quite gave way, and she broke out in an unrestrained weeping—"and says, 'you'll keep it for my sake, won't you, Lizzie?' And mother made me bring it in, and now it's gone, and I am so sorry and so hungry," said the girl, with a strange connection of her mental sorrows with her bodily need.

"But hadn't your mother any tin of her own?" said the man. "Aint father got a job?"

"Father's there," said Lizzie, pointing to the man who still slept on the bench in the corner; "and I took the last thing to the leavin'-shop yesterday, and we ain't got nothink at home, and baby's bad, and we ain't got no fire. I told mother as how I wouldn't mind breakin' my shillin' for a loaf and a candle and a pennorth o' coals, but not for gin—no, not for gin!" and here she again sobbed hysterically.

"Oh, and it was that made her wild, was it? Well, your parents is a pretty pair, I must say—if one's a brute t'other's a beast," said the man, with a significant jerk of his head to the corner where Lizzie's father lay.

I thought that the publican looked rather uncomfortable during this conversation, and the glasses he was cleaning seemed to need a considerable amount of friction.

"I wonder you let Nancy have anything, or Bill either, for the matter o' that," said my rough friend. "It's robbin' the child of vittles, that's plain, as well as gettin' her leathered besides. I wouldn't do it, Harris, I wouldn't."

"Must live, must live," said Harris. "If they didn't get it here, they would somewhere else, and why can't they take it good, and leave it good, like yourself, Mr. Baines?"

Mr. Baines hardly liked being drawn into the same category as the Browns, but scarcely knew how to reply, as his own glass of spirits and water stood winking at him on the counter.

"I wish there was no drink," said Lizzie Brown, "then mother nor father couldn't get drunk. I know I'll never 'av any; 'cos why—if you don't drink none you can never drink too much!"

I thought the child's words summed the thing up in a nutshell, and felt ashamed that I had anything to do with the place where the liquor that starved her, stripped her, robbed her, and beat her was sold. Several times as this talk went on, I saw a sharp thin face peering in at the door, and now, as Lizzie crossed the floor and reached the doorway, an arm was thrust in, and the bottle was snatched from her hand. The shock jerked her forwards, and the heavy door, which she had carefully held open with one hand, swung violently against her, and sent her headlong from the step into the street. I heard a scream and the sound of breaking glass on the stones. There was a rush to the door, and as it stood open, I saw the child lifted bleeding from the ground. She had fallen, and in the fall the bottle had been dashed to fragments, one jagged piece having cut her forehead as she fell upon it. A tall, virago-looking woman stood over her, raving and blaspheming. A crowd rapidly gathered, and in the confusion of sounds I heard something said about "the hospital," and when the noise ceased, and the curious gazers had returned to their glasses—the number of visitors to the bar having been greatly augmented by the excitement of the accident—I heard them say, "It was the best thing they could do with her. Take her to the 'orspital, that's where they looks after 'em; and who'd trust a dog with Nancy, specially if it was sick?"

III.—*I am warmly treated, and become incensed.*

I WONDERED whether I should ever hear of little Lizzie again, and while sorrowfully reflecting on what I had witnessed, and the slight impression it had made on the throng around me, the door of the tavern again opened, and a child, not much older than Lizzie, but looking clean and healthy, and respectably dressed, advanced to the counter, and asked for "half an ounce of tobacco and a clean clay pipe!" The tobacco, already weighed and packed, was passed over the counter, and the publican advanced to the glass wherein my companions and I were deposited, and at a venture laid hold upon myself and handed me to the little girl.

I confess that while I was disappointed at losing the opportunity for the further gratification of my curiosity, and for learning more of the history of little Lizzie and her parents, a thrill of pleasure passed through me as I found myself in the pure air and free from the Babel of jarring sounds, in the midst of which my lot had been cast.

Through a maze of narrow streets, amid almost deafening sounds of traffic and business, I was carried by my new friend, till we presently came to a place where the narrow street widened, and I saw before me a pair of very high iron gates leading into a wide open courtyard. On the left was a little cottage, which seemed to be a gatekeeper's lodge. It had a low, deep porch, from the top of which a lamp projected. There was room on either side within the porch for two little benches, and overhead, I saw a large bell, by whose sound I supposed the porter was summoned. While I was making these observations my companion had stepped through the iron gate, and, entering the porch, had lifted the latch, and before I well knew it I found myself in an exceedingly bright and cosy room. There was a lingering fragrance of tea still pervading the apartment, as if that meal had not been long removed; and, indeed, when I entered, a kind, motherly sort of dame was putting away some china in the open corner cupboard.

There was an air of comfort all around, and everything that seemed capable of a sparkle was blinking and twinkling in the light of the blazing fire, and the two tall candles. The buxom warming-pan simpered as it received the expressive ogling of the clock-face opposite, and the brass

candlesticks on the crowded mantelpiece could not conceal their gleeful appreciation of the light flung upon them from the old-fashioned mirror, which from the other side of the room leaned fondly towards them. In the straight-backed arm-chair sat an old gentleman, whose genial countenance reflected and enhanced the general brilliancy; and as the dame, his good wife, completed her operations at the cupboard and turned to welcome the little girl at our entrance, I saw that she too beamed after the prevailing style of this cosy cottage.

"Well, my chickie," said the old man, "here you are then. You've brought Gran his 'bacca and pipe.'"

The child placed me in her grandfather's hand, and I was soon lifted to the lips of the old man, while his finger explored my bowl, and filled it with tobacco. How shall I express my sensations as I first felt fire applied to my contents, and the warm smoke passing up my stem! A kind of stupor came over me which lasted for several minutes, but I recovered myself, and found that after a time I got used to the warmth at one end and the moisture at the other. I was very much puzzled to account for the reason of the old man's constant expectoration. One might have thought I was connected with a supply of liquid at my bowl extremity, and that he was imbibing it, as boys do milk through a straw; or that I was an icicle or sugar-stick melting in the mouth. He drew a few whiffs of smoke into his mouth, and then he blew them out in a cloud, and at each repetition of this process kept up a constant ejection of saliva into a strange piece of furniture at his feet, which I heard his wife call a *spittoon*. I understood that this article was one of the refinements of the highly cultivated period of the nineteenth century, and I marvelled at the ingenious and elevated ideas of man.

The little girl laid aside her hat and cloak, and, seating herself on a stool in front of the fender, began knitting. As I saw the light of the fire shining on her round plump shoulders, I could not help thinking of the thin frame and bruised skin which I had observed in little Lizzie Brown.

"Grandfather, there was such a crowd at the 'Green Man' to-night; I hardly liked to go in."

"Why, what was the matter, chickie?"

"Oh, some wicked, drunken woman had knocked her little girl down, and she'd cut her head dreadfully with a bottle, and they said she was gone to the hospital!"

"Gone to the hospital! Why, if they took her anywhere they'd most likely bring her here, for St. Bee's is a great deal nearer than any other. I ain't heard nothing, have you, mother?"

Now, if the case had been brought to the gate over which old Jenkins was janitor he must have known of its passage, but, as his good wife reminded him, "accidents go through the north gate, Giles."

"True, true, mate. It would go through Beadles's gate, to be sure it would. Beadles gets all the night jobs, Beadles does, and they mostly comes from the publics. Ah! well I remember—don't you, missis,—how many times we have been dragged out to let in some of them customers. Why, I believe half the accidents in London are through drink, I do. What a sight of 'em I've seen, surely."

The old man gave the most expressive emphasis to the last syllable, and, knocking the dust carefully out of my bowl on the top-bar of the grate, he stood me up in the corner of the hob. This was the indication that he was about to enter upon a dissertation of some length. But that discourse, like many others equally well designed, was never to be delivered; for just at that moment a rap was heard at the door, and it was opened on the instant by a tall, fine-looking young fellow, who lightly stepped down the two steps from the porch into the room.

"Good evening, Giles; good evening, Mrs. Jenkins," said the new comer in a cheery tone, "and how's little chickie to-night?"

The child looked up roguishly and said, "I'm not a chickie, my name's Bella."

"Well, Bella, if you're not a chickie you're a duck, and it comes to pretty much the same thing," said the young man, stooping down and stealing a kiss.

"Phew! what a cloud you've been blowing, Giles," he exclaimed, as he sniffed the somewhat laden air of the room. "Been at your idol again, I suppose."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Bell, I've been *burning* it," and the old man chuckled, for though he had used the joke a great many times, he thought it always worthy of reproduction.

The medical student, for such he was, replied, "Burning incense to your idol you mean, Giles; that is to say, perfuming and pleasing your own dear self."

The old man shrugged his shoulders, and turned the subject by enquiring:

"Anything new up there to-night?" with a significant action of his thumb.

"Oh, no—yes—let me see. Oh, yes, there is one case. Poor little creature, she's got a bad cut just above the eye, and has lost a good deal of blood, and that she'd no need to do. A wretch of a creature, calling herself mother, irritable through constant imbibing, and some trifling delay on the part of the child, was the cause of it. And while

Cooper was dressing the wound, who should come in but her father. A bright article he! It seems he was boozing and snoozing in the public-house at the very time the child was there. A pretty pair to have charge of a little child, aren't they?"

"Was it the 'Green Man' where it happened?" asked Giles.

"Oh, yes, to be sure—it was at the sign of that verdant specimen of humanity that the thing was done. 'Green Man' indeed! Greener they that go, I say, Mrs. Jenkins;" and Mr. Bell flung himself back in the chair and laughed so heartily that the very candlesticks trembled on the mantel and seemed to indulge in a sympathetic giggle.

"That's the little girl you heard about, Bella, when you were there," said Giles, when he had wiped his eyes and recovered his composure.

"What? where?" cried Mr. Bell with a seriousness which contrasted singularly with his recent hilarity.

"Bella at the 'Green Man!' And you sent a child like that into such a den, Mr. Giles. I couldn't have thought it of you."

The old man seemed struck, having probably never given the matter a passing thought before, and he made no reply.

"Well, I never liked your pipe, and I'd never smoke one; but I like it less than ever now I know where it comes from."

"But, Giles, I came to-night on purpose to take you to a lecture. You know Mr. Bevan?"

"What, the tall young gentleman who manages the Band of Hope round at Amelia-street? Oh yes sir, I knows him. In fact, he looks in at the lodge almost as often as yourself, and he's as sharp on me about my beer as you are about my 'bacca."

"Well, my worthy friend, Bevan is as strong against the 'bacca, as you call it, as I am; and it is upon that identical subject he is going to lecture to-night. So put on your coat and come along."

"Grandfather, may I go?" said Bella.

"O yes, let duckie come," interposed the student, with a smile at the little girl; "you know it is a Band of Hope meeting, and all young hopefuls ought to go."

IV.—*Ameliorating Work at Amelia Street.*

GRANDMAMMA having accorded gracious permission to her spouse and granddaughter, in a very few minutes Mr. Bell, Jenkins, and Bella had passed through the iron gates, and were on their way to Amelia-street. Amelia-street was not very far from St. Bee's Hospital, which stood in the midst of a very poor and populous neighbourhood. Here was situated a plain but commodious building, which was made to serve the purposes of a day and Sunday school, and, indeed, many other useful and philanthropic purposes.

Indeed, Amelia-street Hall was seldom empty. Crowds of children sang, marched, and studied within it by day; and till ten at night, from Sunday to Saturday, it was occupied by meetings to promote every good work. Few but those immediately interested knew the obscure street, and fewer still the humble building; but many who knew it had reason to love it, and to bless the labourers who made it the theatre of so many blessed enterprizes. It is pretty certain that the large, whitewashed room, consisting of little more than four walls and a roof, had been the scene of greater moral and spiritual triumphs than half the cathedrals in Christendom.

Perhaps it would not be beyond truth to say, too, that the obscure men and women who plodded on here among the poor, and mainly found the money as well as the labour for their Christ-like endeavours, had done more real good to the souls and minds, bodies and homes, of their fellows, than many an ecclesiastical dignitary or learned philosopher. While divines and professors were debating in their congresses on the colour of a vestment, or the conformation of a cockchafer, while social and political reformers were theorizing, propounding this nostrum and that, these people were *at work*; and while the luminaries of science and theology were splitting hairs upon questions of theory, these good folks, possessing little faculty beyond piety and common sense, were making Tony Tippler sober, his wife, thriftless Sally, clean and thrifty, and teaching their children—Bill, Jack, and Nancy—to read and write, sew and sing, love and pray.

After this long digression I pause, to explain that I am indebted for my knowledge of what took place at Amelia-street on this particular evening, and the above remarks

upon Amelia-street work in general, to sundry conversations between Giles and Mr. Bell, and Mr. Bevan, which it was my privilege to hear from time to time, while I remained an inmate of the porter's lodge at St. Bee's.

As I afterwards made Mr. Bevan's personal acquaintance I may as well describe him here. Giles had called him "tall," and there was every reason for so designating him. Bell was of good height, but looked short beside Bevan, who exceeded six feet of stature by one or two inches. Mr. Bevan was regarded as a sort of oddity among the students of St. Bee's. He didn't drink, he didn't smoke. "As some of the fellows said,"—to quote Mr. Bell, "he was awfully virtuous." Smith, Jones, and Robinson, who had accumulated a museum of dislocated knockers and dismembered bell handles, who were *habituës* of Lowbury Barn, Bellevue Gardens, and the Hole-in-the-Wall: who had the honour of the personal acquaintance of the Great Bounce and the inimitable Fooler, set him down as a "duffer" and a "sanctimonious prig." Mr. Bevan did not seem to pine under their contumely, to judge from his light step and sunny face; and even they confessed that,— "to go by Bevan's beaming physiognomy,—for real enjoyment, Amelia-street was to be backed against the Valhalla, with its comic songs and ballet, any day!"

But now for Bevan's lecture, as the substance thereof was repeated and canvassed in old Giles's sparkling snugery, after it had been heard. And as Mr. Bell, saying it was too good to be forgotten, took notes of the said lecture, and read them in my hearing, I am able to give a pretty faithful report.

V.—*Mr. Bevan's Lecture.*

MR. BEVAN arrested the attention of his audience by telling, with considerable humour, the amusing story of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the way in which his pipe was put out. There was much laughter as the scene was depicted when the servant, entering the room, and seeing his master enveloped in smoke, threw over him the jug of liquor which he was carrying, in order to extinguish him.

"Tobacco," said Mr. Bevan, "is the leaf of a plant growing in the West Indies and America. Being brought originally in large quantities from the island of Tobago, it thence derived its name. Sir Francis Drake is said to have been the first to introduce it into England in the year 1586, so that "the weed" has been in use about two hundred years. Now you must understand that the tobacco shredded for the pipe, or powdered for snuff, or rolled in the leaf into cigars, or pressed in the lump for the filthy purpose of chewing, is one and the same thing."

"Tobacco is a *poison*. It owes its poisonous nature to the presence of what is called *nicotine*. This nicotine the chemist can extract from tobacco in a liquid form."

"Going through the city the other day," said the lecturer, "I saw some curious pipes in the shop-windows, all professing to be so made as to prevent this poison passing into the smoker's mouth. One—which I bought and have brought with me—had a glass globe below its bowl containing the liquid which had been deposited there in the burning of the tobacco, and was exhibited to prove the efficiency of the pipe in retaining the poison. I thought it ought to serve as a warning to smokers not to patronize the tobacconist's shop, nor to imbibe such a poison into their frames. Now, no other poison can kill so soon as nicotine, except prussic acid. One drop will kill a rabbit in three minutes and a half. A dog, to which tobacco was given freely, would die in spasms. When a man chews tobacco, the lining of the mouth absorbs the poison and carries it into the blood; and when he smokes, the smoke breathed into the lungs carries with it the poison."

"The oil which is condensed in smoking, like that which sinks into the glass globe beneath the pipe-bowl, is all drawn into the mouth when the common pipe or cigar is used, and this it is which causes the dryness, redness, and

burning heat in the mouth, throat, and tongue. Many smokers are troubled with a sore throat—the direct result of smoking; and others have cancers formed on the lip or tongue.”

“God has given us, too, a very valuable fluid, with which our food is moistened and mixed, and so prepared for digestion. Now this spittle, or *saliva*, as it is called, is wastefully ejected by the smoker, and so the process of digestion is hindered, and hence injury is done to the stomach and digestive organs.”

“Haven’t you noticed, boys,” said Mr. Bevan, appealing to a number of Band of Hope lads who sat just around him (so I was informed), “that the young smoker generally has a sallow and sunken cheek?”

“Yet while it is waste to spit away the saliva, to swallow it impregnated with poison is still worse. The effects of the use of tobacco are debility and loss of tone in the stomach, sickness, failure of appetite, indigestion, and constipation of the bowels.”

This last sentence Mr. Bell himself read out in my hearing from his pocket book, so that I am sure I have quoted it correctly.

“When I speak of the use of tobacco,” continued the lecturer, “I refer to all the ways in which it is used. And whether it is stuffed up the nostrils as a powder, or burnt in the pipe and cigar, evil—and only evil—effects must follow from its use.”

At this statement, I understand, there was a “sensation” among the audience, some of the old women, whose nostrils betrayed an acquaintance with snuff, never having before understood that the snuff-box was sister to the pipe.”

“How often, too, is the nose deformed and rendered unsightly by constantly snuffing, while frequently loss of teeth, and always impure breath, result from the use of pipe.”

“What I want to show you,” continued Mr. Bevan, “is that tobacco, in all its forms, is injurious to the human body, in whatever mode it is used. This body is fearfully and wonderfully made, and to do anything to mar its beauty, or damage its machinery, is to dishonour Him who made it.”

“Now, if I were to wet this,”—and here Mr. Bevan unrolled a cigar—“and put it like a plaister on the stomach of a child, it would soon bring on sickness. Sometimes, when a soldier has wanted to shirk his duty, he has been known to put tobacco under his arm-pit so as to cause sickness. The doctor himself considers tobacco so dangerous that he only uses it as a medicine in extreme cases.”

“One of the most important pieces of machinery about

us is *the heart*. If you put your hand upon your left breast you will feel it beating." Here almost every hand (I speak from Mr. Bell's dramatic description in Giles's little parlour) was placed on the spot designated, while the open mouths and fixed eyes of the audience showed their deep and lively interest.

"Now this heart is the great pumping-engine by which the blood is kept circulating through our body. Once let this wonderful little machine get out of order, or let it stop, and we cease to live. If you put your thumb on your left wrist you will feel your pulse." (Here every hearer imitated the action of the speaker.) "This little tell-tale shows how the heart is beating, whether it is working regularly or irregularly, languidly or too rapidly. That is why the doctor feels the pulse of his patient. Now smoking is a great cause of palpitation and irregularity in the heart's action, and the irregular pulse in the smoker often reveals this. Smoking and drinking will cause the heart to grow fatty, and its muscular fibres weak and soft, so that it enlarges with the pressure of the blood, or one of its vessels bursts, in which case there is instant death."

"All of us, too, have *brains*." ('Doubtful,' muttered Mr. Bell, but was rebuked into silence by Bevan's frown.) "Now the brain is the centre of all thought, feeling, and motion. From the brain multitudes of little telegraphs, called nerves, run all over the body, and carry sensations of pain or pleasure up to this head-quarters of the system. In every movement, every thought, every feeling, every act of hearing or seeing, the brain is engaged. Now what must be the consequences of sending a stream of tobacco-poisoned blood to flow upon the brain. Paralysis, and even insanity, have resulted in extreme cases from the action of tobacco on the brain. And there is no doubt that loss of memory, tremor of the hands, languor, and stunted growth are also in many instances to be traced to indulgence in smoking and chewing."

Such was the substance of Mr. Bevan's lecture as duly reported and discussed afterwards by Mr. Bell.

VI.—*My Fate trembles in the Balance.*

"WELL what did you think of it, Giles?" said Mr. Bell, as he ensconced himself in the arm chair in the gatekeeper's lodge the evening after the lecture. "I should think it was a clincher for you, old friend, and smashed your pipe to atoms. Nay, nay," he continued, catching sight of me on the corner of the hob, "I see you haven't shattered the thing of clay."

"No, no, I ain't exactly done that," said Giles; "but I ain't had a screw of baccy since I heard the lecture. But there's one thing I should like to ask you, You know they do say a pipe is mighty good for fever and such like."

"Mighty good for fever and such like! What in the name of fortune do you mean, Giles?"

"Why, Mr. Bell, you knows fevers is catching?"

"Certainly, if you mean infectious," said Mr. Bell.

"Well now, won't you admit that a smoke will keep the fever off, Mr. Bell?"

"All smoke, Giles, all smoke. The thing's been tried and proved; tobacco, you know, soothes, that is, really depresses the nervous system, and thus lowers, not increases its power of resistance. Dr. Lizars said that when cholera was about (as you would phrase it, Giles), the individuals addicted to tobacco, and especially snuff-takers, were more disposed to attacks of the disease, and generally had it badly and fatally. Keep off fever! Help on fever, I should say. Now, let me just enlighten you,—*Ex fumo dare lucem*,—that is to say, get a light out of your smoke."

At the sound of the strange words, Giles opened his mouth and pricked up his ears.

"When people have *typhus*, Giles, they generally have ulcers in the bowels; and these sometimes eat through the coats of the stomach and make holes, and then the patient expires. Now, every doctor will tell you that much smoking will favour this "perforation," as it is called, and not resist it."

"Well, but Mr. Bell," urged the old man, "a pipe must be good for something. Now, you know, I always had a pipe after dinner, and, since I have given up my pipe, I have felt such a tightness at my chest and such a weight here," and the old man put his broad palm on his ample front, "so you see the pipe must have helped digestion."

"Now, would you tie up a man's leg and then give him a pair of crutches to help him to walk?"

Old Giles did not quite see the drift of this, so he pursed his lips and remained silent.

"You go and give your stomach more work to do than it ought to have, and then you turn to the pipe to help you out of your trouble. Don't eat enough dinner to make you feel uncomfortable."

"Ah, but you admit, Mr. Bell, that the pipe will help out of the trouble, will aid digestion."

"Yes," said the student, "the pipe sets the salivary glands of the mouth and stomach at work, and thus, increasing the supply of gastric fluid, helps to dispose of food. But it's a case of whip and spur, you know; when you lay the lash on the back of the loaded horse, you don't give him strength, not a bit of it: flogging horses makes them flagging horses. Load the stomach, spur it up to over-work, there'll be a break down bye and bye. And then, a pipe or cigar after dinner composes and soothes men and keeps them quiet, and so gives the stomach a chance of digesting the dinner bolted or crammed down by them. Look, too, at the cost of tobacco, think of the nasty smell to your neighbours who don't like it; think of the disgusting spitting; think of the drinking that almost always follows in the train of smoking. Pah! I'd throw the pipe away, Giles, if I were you."

After this long oration, Mr. Bell sank back in his chair, as if exhausted with his exertions. He then broke out in a hearty laugh, but old Giles still looked serious, and, stretching out his hand, took me from my corner, saying:

"There, Mr. Bell, I've done with it. I'll make you a present of it."

"Here goes, then," said Bell, and my fate trembled in the balance, for he poised me in his fingers as if about to dash me beneath the grate. But a lucky impulse (at least, so I regarded it,) seized him, and he dropped his hand, saying, "No, I won't smash Dagon yet. I'll take the idol to Bevan as a trophy of the victory won by his sermon and my application of it."

So saying, he put me in his breast pocket, and shaking hands with Giles, the janitor, withdrew.

Thus did I quit the cheerful abode of Giles Jenkins, and again set forth to make new observations of men and things. I confess I felt a feeling of sadness as I left the society of the honest old gatekeeper and his kindly wife, and especially as I remembered that I should not see Bella any more.

VII.—*I become an inmate of the Hospital, suffer Amputation, and am then cast out on the world.*

MR. BELL, with rapid strides, crossed the grounds, around which the buildings composing St. Bee's Hospital stood, and, ascending a few steps, entered a stone corridor, where several young men of his own age were pacing to and fro, or chatting in groups.

Advancing to one of these somewhat noisy knots of gossipers, he asked whether anyone knew whether Bevan was in the hospital?

"Oh, Bevan—yes," said a tall, awkward-looking young fellow, wearing a "thunder and lightning" tweed coat, and trousers of a large plaid pattern, with a huge Death's-head pin stuck in the gorgeous scarf which stood out in bold relief above his seal-skin vest. "The Reverend Benjamin Bevan has gone to take tea with the Bishop of London at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, in company with a large detachment of old women from the various alms-houses."

This sally, made with the utmost gravity, was received with uproarious laughter by the *possè* of students around.

Mr. Bell was by no means disconcerted, for he was pretty well acquainted with the humours of the students at St. Bee's, and simply said, "I wonder he didn't tell me he was going."

One of the party volunteered the information that Bevan was "somewhere about—probably in the accident ward." Bell turned away to seek him, when he was arrested by the voice of the jocular young gentleman before alluded to, who asked him "why he didn't have a case for his meerschaum."

Mr. Bell did not understand the point of this, and looked somewhat embarrassed; when the student rejoined "What a paragon of perfection he is! Doesn't know what a pipe is, of course!" So saying, he made a plunge at Bell's breast pocket, from which, all unconsciously to him, my red-tipped stem had been all the while visibly protruding, and seizing me between his fingers, brandished me before Mr. Bell's astonished but now laughing face.

"Plead guilty to the soft impeachment, Bell; you're caught this time. Sly old fellow! Smoking, like a school-boy,—when the governor's not looking."

"Not mine," said Bell, "not mine. I care not how many I have if I come by them in the same way. This,"—and I rejoiced that he took me again—"is a trophy of

victory, and when any of you gentlemen relinquish smoking as the owner of this pipe has done, you may, like him, make me the repository of your pipes."

So saying he walked away, leaving even the witty and versatile joker of the party unable to conjure up a repartee.

In the accident ward Bell found Mr. Bevan. It was a long, light, and airy apartment. Flowers stood in the windows, and here and there a bird twittered in its cage. A row of beds was arranged down each side of the room, most of them tenanted by sufferers, some with fractured limbs, others badly burned, and some with mutilated and crippled frames.

Mr. Bevan was half way down the room—"talking to No. 32," as the Sister in charge of the ward said.

"No. 32" was a slender little girl, with dark, lustrous eyes. She was pale, and her hair was smoothed back from her forehead, revealing an ugly scar just above the temple, which showed how nearly she had received a fatal wound. I did not at first recognize her, for she was clean and decently clad, and appeared much taller, too, than when I last saw her; but it was my little friend Lizzie, whose acquaintance I had made at the Green Man.

"See here," said Bevan, "here is the little girl who was knocked down outside the public-house, and cut with the bottle. She had a narrow escape—half-an-inch to the right and she would not have spoken again; but she is getting on well now. In fact, she is to go out to-morrow."

"Well, Lizzie," said Mr. Bell, "shan't you be glad to go?"

The little girl looked up, and with undisguised candour said, "No, Sir."

"But I should have thought you would have been glad to go and see mother and father again?"

"Yes, Sir," she said; "but 'taint so nice up our court as it is here."

"Here's one good thing, though, Lizzie," said Mr. Bevan, "father has signed the pledge, through you coming here, and is working steadily now."

I afterwards learned that Mr. Bevan had visited the home of the girl's parents, and had reasoned with them upon their intemperate habits. He had been so far successful in his arguments and persuasions that William Brown (the father) had given up drink, and had, in consequence soon found regular employment. Mrs. Brown—the "Nancy," whose drunken roughness had caused Lizzie's accident, and might have been the cause of her death—was not so easily persuaded. She had been somewhat more moderate since the night of Lizzie's admission to the hospital, but was not yet convinced she could do without "a drop of something to warm her."

Mr. Bell's first act, after hearing something of Lizzie's history, was to produce me from his pocket, and hand me to his friend. He assumed an air of much dignity and said, "Potent preacher, and conquering counterblast, receive the spoils of warfare, the trophy of your victory, and the tribute of your defeated vassal!"

"What's the meaning of all this?" said Bevan, with an amused and puzzled air.

"Nothing more nor less than that the janitorial Giles has succumbed to your eloquence and influence, and vows to smoke no more."

"Ha, ha," laughed Mr. Bevan, drawing up his tall frame, "that is encouraging. If we can succeed with the old stagers there's hope of success with the novices. Thanks, Bell; I'll put the pipe in my private museum."

"Won't you take it to Amelia-street?" said Bell. "I've seen missionaries publicly produce idols and gree-grees which their converts had given up to them on embracing Christianity. You might make a great hit by showing the proof-positive of your success to your audiences."

Mr. Bevan laughed, but said nothing, and quietly put me into his coat pocket. The friends shortly afterwards bade Lizzie "Good-bye," and left together, promising to come and see her at her home.

Now all would have been well if Bevan had fulfilled his promise and put me into his private museum, but, alas, I never saw the inside of that safe and honourable repository. When my new possessor changed his coat, he flung the one he had been wearing, containing me, over the back of a chair, and did not observe that I fell out on the floor.

But fall out I did, and sustained a comminuted fracture of the stem; in fact quite one inch of my length was violently and instantly amputated, and my red-tipped extremity was mine no more.

Presently a big, bustling woman came up to put Mr. Bevan's apartment tidy, and having removed the coat, and set back the chair, she discovered me on the floor.

"Pshaw!" said she, "now if one of them carpenters ain't a left his nasty, filthy pipe here! What would my good gentleman 'ave said, if he had a found it, so as he 'ates the very sight o' baccar and pipes."

And in a moment I was hurled out of the window, which had been opened during sweeping and dusting processes, and fell some thirty feet. This time I expected to break my neck, or to sustain compound fracture of my entire frame, but fortunately I fell on the green grass-plot beneath the window, and thus, though I had been hardly dealt with, I fell soft.

VIII.—*I visit the Court and the Cottage.*

THE lingering consciousness that my fragment up-stairs yet retained—for the piece broken from me being red and resembling the carpet, escaped the charwoman's eye—made me aware of the fact that, when Mr. Bevan came home, and missing me, enquired after me, he was very much annoyed at my fate, and would fain have recovered me.

But, alas, dear reader, the green, soft turf was no longer my bed. A dirty, little, half-clothed, and shoeless urchin had espied me as he passed, and had seized upon me with eagerness as a valuable prize. Straightway I was borne off in triumph, and was soon displayed to the wondering and envious gaze of several of my new possessor's acquaintances in Tiptree Court.

Tiptree Court was neither a rural nor a salubrious locality. Houses stood on either side of its scanty area, and a dead wall, flanked by a rain-butt and dust-bin, blocked up its end. Between the rain-butt and the dust-bin was a nook, where laid an accumulating heap of rubbish, and this was the chosen rendezvous of the urchins of the court.

After my arrival an expedition immediately set off to find the material by which to put me into exercise, and, after a diligent search by the side of the street pavement, quite a handful of cast-away cigar ends was obtained. These were crumbled and torn, and my bowl duly filled. My owner—who rejoiced in the *sobriquet* of "Curly"—had managed to extort, under the most awful threats, a fusee from a street vendor of "flaming vesuvians," and the tobacco being enkindled, I was placed between Curly's lips, who made vigorous attempts to smoke.

The faces of the group of boys at that critical moment would have made a picture. Admiration of Curly's accomplished style, and envy of his privileges, were expressed on each attentive and excited countenance. But, after a moment or two, Curly withdrew my tube from his mouth, with an indignant declaration that "it wouldn't draw." A pin was procured, the contents of my bowl were stirred up, and my stem probed after the most approved fashion. Then Curly made a second attempt, and this time inhaled the smoke so vigorously, that he was seized with a convulsive fit of coughing, and smoke issued from his mouth and nostrils, and water from his eyes. After a considerable

amount of coughing and sneezing the attack was resumed, and Curly smoked calmly and philosophically. To have seen that boy sitting on the dust-bin, swinging his legs and "blowing a cloud," holding his pipe and taking it out of his mouth with a dignified yet easy air, as if it were a costly meerschaum, and he a connoisseur in tobaccos, would have enraged King James I. into a Gaelic fury, and have excited the admiration of every lover of "the weed."

For some time he resisted the expostulations and cajoleries of his attendants, and refused to allow them a share in his luxurious enjoyment. He smoked with a persistency worthy of a noble intention, but presently grew fidgetty. White circles were visible round his eyes, his face assumed a deadly pallor, and his lips almost emulated the ashen hue of his cheeks. Resigning me suddenly into the hands of one of his courtiers, he sprang from the dust-bin and disappeared behind the water-butt. Thence issued, immediately after, strange sounds, such as are associated with sea-sickness and spasms, and presently Curly came forth, his head racked with a splitting pain,—a sadder and a wiser lad. Nature had asserted its antagonism to the poisonous narcotic, and poor Curly's stomach had evidenced its disgust at the nauseous infusion it had received.

His companions, profiting by his example, were warned not to persevere, and instead of being the object coveted by all, I was forsaken and left to become the easy prey of a little fellow who resolved to take me home to his father.

In the possession of little Tim's father I remained for about a week, when he left me behind at a place where he was working, and I fell into other hands.

This time I became the property of a certain Samuel Potter, a young journeyman carpenter, only recently married. He bore me home, having taken a fancy to me, as he said, because I was so well-coloured. He affixed to me something called a mouthpiece, and so I became his constant companion.

The better to protect me he carried me in a folding case, so that I now enjoyed greater dignity than I had ever known before.

Samuel Potter's home was neat and cheerful. His little wife was a picture of cleanliness and good-humour, and it was pleasant to see her as she opened the door to receive him on his return from labour.

She did not seem, however, to admire me as heartily as Sam did, and I soon discovered that, though she tolerated her husband's smoking, lest by opposition she should drive him elsewhere to smoke, she thoroughly disliked the habit.

She had never allowed her front parlour to be contaminated with tobacco fumes, and always insisted on Sam putting his head as far up the chimney as possible when smoking. Indeed, her evident objection to tobacco had led to a very great reduction in Sam's consumption of that article, and she was not without hopes that she might induce him to discontinue the habit entirely. In this she was aided and abetted by a certain Richard Calver, who had been an old school-fellow of Sam's, and who frequently popped in of an evening to have a chat with him.

Richard Calver was regarded by many as being a rather singular individual. In the first place he was a teetotaler, and was it not foolish of a working man, whose strength needed keeping up, to refuse good wholesome strengthening liquors? But Richard not only did without the much-vaunted liquor, but declared himself better without it, and certainly his healthful countenance and stout and active frame did not belie him.

Richard was a man of figures. He was always talking about the threepences, and doing sums with a piece of chalk on brick walls, or planks, or anything that was handy, in order to demonstrate how extravagant was the expenditure of working people on beer and tobacco. Fourpence a day! "Seven times four are twenty eight; twenty-eight pence are two and fourpence. That's two and four a week. Thirteen weeks make a quarter; that's one pound ten shillings and fourpence. Four quarters make a year; that's six pounds one shilling and fourpence—the price of a pot of fourpenny a day—as much as would put you in a building society, and bring you £100 in about twelve years."

Richard used to display his mathematics in Sam Potter's kitchen, much to the delight of Mrs. Sam, who hoped that Richard's arithmetic and her affection might win Sam from his pipe. Sam smoked about three ounces a week, a very moderate allowance for a smoker, and drank a pint of ale a day, so that his smoke and liquor bill was only half-a-crown a week at the most. But Richard would bring a good book, for which he had given half-a-crown, and would laughingly say, when asked what he gave for it, "Oh, only twelve pints and six screws." "There," he would add, "I can put a fellow like that on my shelves every week—grow him out of an empty pipe and an empty pot—that will give me fifty-two volumes a year, or a library of five hundred volumes in ten years." And a goodly library Richard had. Richard had a harmonium, too, and very sweet music he could draw from it. "All consolidated smoke, Sam," he would say, as his friend gazed and listened admiringly.

IX.—*Despised and discarded, I am, nevertheless,
promoted to honour.*

SAM POTTER often winced under the implied rebukes which the criticisms of his friend conveyed; and in fact, without acknowledging it, he made several attempts to discontinue the use of the pipe. He held out well for a time, but, after sitting still for an hour, when at home of an evening, would grow fidgetty, and presently start up and bolt into the little garden at the back, where, in a rude summer-house of his own construction, he would bring me up from the depths of his coat-pocket, and emancipating me from the case in which I lay hid, would charge me and puff away with extraordinary vigour.

But even while he smoked he thought, and Richard Calver took care to keep him supplied, every now and then, with tracts and leaflets on drink and tobacco. Or, when in his reading he came across any paragraph that bore upon these subjects, he would be sure to bring the book down to Sam's and read the extract, or copy it out and hand it to him. Both Richard and Sam went to the Methodist Chapel, and having been trained up among that section of Christian people, they had acquired great respect for Dr. Adam Clarke, a Methodist Minister, who wrote one of the most learned and useful Commentaries on the Scriptures ever published.

"Sam," said Richard one day, "what do you think Dr. Clarke says?"

"Says about what, Dick?"

"Why, about smoking, to be sure. Listen. 'So inseparable an attendant is drinking on smoking, that in some places the same word expresses both; thus, *peend*, in the Bengalese language, signifies to drink and to smoke. It is with pain of heart, that I am obliged to say I have known several who, through their immoderate attachment to the pipe, have become mere sots.' I wonder what the Doctor would say if he were alive now, and saw a pipe in the mouth of every second boy he met, and the numbers who frequent taverns to smoke and drink."

"Well, I must say the pipe is very dry, and wants something to moisten it."

"Yes, no doubt; it wastes the natural moisture by the spitting which it provokes, and introduces a hot and acrid poison into the body. No wonder smokers are thirsty souls. And then water seems too insipid for the vitiated palate of a smoker, so a glass of ale, or of brandy-and-water must stand at his elbow."

"Why, Richard, you talk like a book; you must be thinking of coming out as a lecturer."

"No, Sam, it is not that, but you know I have long been a teetotaler, and I have been grieved to see many youths who joined us, drawn away to drink by the use of the pipe. The pipe has been their first introduction to the public-house, and landlords don't keep smoking-rooms without intending them to be drinking-rooms too. The profits on pipes and tobacco wouldn't pay them, and he who sits in the smoke-room is expected to take something to drink 'for the good of the house.'"

"That's true enough," said Sam.

"So young men are drawn away from us, and get into company where their scruples are overcome, and the lad who was a promising Band of Hope boy abandons his pledge, and some, alas, become sots and drunkards. It is this that has led me to read and think about this tobacco question, and the more I read upon the subject, the more wasteful and pernicious does the pipe appear."

"Well, I do think every teetotaler ought to throw away the pipe as well as the pot," said Sam; "for how can they talk about wasting money on drink, or set up for self-denying folks, when they spend their money and indulge themselves in tobacco."

"I am glad to hear you say so," replied Richard Calver. "You know I have joined the Good Templars, Sam?"

"Oh yes, those out-and-out teetotalers that neither taste, nor make, nor give, and that are going to drive the trade out of the country."

"Well, I did hope their pledge was against tobacco as well as drink. But, however, we have temples or societies for the children, and in them our motto is, 'No Drink, no Tobacco.'"

"Now, I call that consistent," said Sam.

"I think," continued Richard, "that in this way we shall be able, a great deal better to retain our members as they get older, and then we can draft them into our adult lodges, and so we shall, by-and-bye, fill our societies with total abstainers from both pipe and pot. We haven't a Juvenile Temple (for that is what we call these societies) yet, but we are going to form one in a few weeks' time."

The result of all Richard's arguments and discussions

with Samuel Potter was, that in a comparatively short time, Sam was converted to teetotalism, and abandoned both the weed and the liquor.

In due time the Juvenile Temple was formed. Sam, who had been initiated into Richard's lodge a week or two before, went with him to the school-room where the opening meeting with the little ones was held; and a very capital speech he made, telling the people and children how much he had paid for his "Beer and 'Bacca bill," as he styled it. He reckoned that he had begun to smoke at sixteen, and had taken half-a-pint a day till he was twenty. Since then he had taken a pint of ale a day, and consumed three ounces of tobacco weekly, so that, as he was now twenty-five, he had thrown away pretty nearly *Forty Pounds*!

"Now," he said, "I have made a box, into which I mean to put the money I used thus to spend." So saying, he produced a nice-looking mahogany box, which he himself had made and polished. In the lid was a slit, through which the money had to be dropped, and in the front was carved a hollow in the shape of a pipe, very much like the comfortable bed in the case where I laid. Across the part which represented the stem of the pipe, and where the bottom of the bowl would rest, were one or two brass loops, the purpose of which I did not at first understand. But producing me from his pocket, he proceeded to insert my stem through the brass loops, and laid me in the cavity on the front of the box.

"There," he said, "there will the pipe remain, a memorial of wasted money, and of the pledge I have taken, and so, while it keeps guard over this box of "condensed smoke," it will stimulate me to persevere and to save."

There was quite a round of applause when Sam sat down, and I now had time to look around me.

Just then the children rose to sing. What was my astonishment to see in the juvenile choir, three old friends of mine, little Lizzie, Master Curly, of Tiptree-court, and Tim Maloney, his companion, by whose means I had been transferred to the possession of Sam Potter. The children looked bright and clean, and sang with great sweetness. Greater applause greeted the termination of their song than even Sam's speech had received, and as the gentleman who led the singing, sat down, I recognised my old friend Mr. Bell. But my astonishment and pleasure were yet to be increased. As the chairman rose to speak, I thought I recognised the voice, and as he took Sam's box in his hand, and turned it towards him, I beheld Mr. Bevan. I was at a loss to understand by what strange conjuncture of circumstances we had all met together. The mystery

was solved when I learned that Mr. Bevan was Superintendent of the Juvenile Temples in the district, and that, coming to open this new, true "Band of Hope," he had induced Mr. Bell to bring some of the children from Amelia-street, to sing their pieces. Lizzie, Curly, and Tim, were all members of the "St. Bee's" Juvenile Temple, and were in a fair way to do well and get on, now that they had come under the care of such teachers. How I wished for powers of speech, in order to express my joy!

The meeting closed, the new branch of the "Cold water army" was organized, and a little group gathered round the chairman's table to look at and admire Samuel Potter's "Smoke-box."

"I must put a coat of varnish on the pipe," said Sam, "and then the box will look very well on the mantel-piece, won't it?" and he turned to Mrs. Sam, who stood with a beaming face just behind him. "It isn't much of a pipe," he continued, and I felt rather cross as he said it, "but I fancied it because it was curiously coloured. It was left at our shop by Jim Maloney one time, and I picked it up."

"Why then, it was father's," said little Tim, pushing his head up through the throng, "and its the very pipe I gave him; the one that Curly smoked when he was so--"

"Hold your noise," said Master Curly, rather hastily, as if he did not wish his weakness revealed, "that's the very pipe that I picked up on the grass plat in front of St. Bee's Hospital, only its got a mouthpiece on it now."

"Then," said Mr. Bevan, "it is none other than old Giles Jenkins, the gate-keeper's, pipe, which once was in my possession."

"And more," said Mr. Bell, much amused, "it is the very pipe which Bella went to fetch from the public-house on the evening that little Lizzie had her fall and was taken to the hospital. Oh, what a strange, eventful history!

"The pipe ought really to be mine," said Mr. Bevan, "as it was once given me as a trophy of victory, but I gladly resign it to you Mr. Potter."

Sam, who had stood by with rapt attention and sparkling eye while this singular narration of my history had been given, said, "I couldn't part with it now, sir, it is more interesting than ever." I forgave him then, for saying I was not much of a pipe before.

"Never will I give it up, and lest it should suffer damage, I will make a glass front to my box, beneath which it shall be safe from all mischance, and when friends come to my house and look at it, I shall have a more interesting

story to tell concerning it than I supposed ever could have belonged to a clay pipe."

I was removed, and duly installed upon Sam's parlour mantel-piece. There I still remain. A gilt moulding, holding a glass front, has been placed on the box, and not even a grain of dust can visit me to harm me.

There are one or two little Potters running about the house now, and each in his turn is held up to look at "papa's pipe," and told its singular and eventful history. If that history be only as profitable as it has proved amusing, those who scan these pages will not have read in vain, "The Autobiography of a Clay Pipe."

THE END.

